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# CAPITOL STORIES

OF THE

## LEGISLATIVE SESSION OF 1902

BY

F. SEVERANCE JOHNSON

REPRINTED FROM THE

**New-York Tribune**

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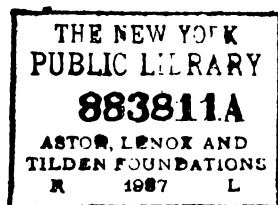
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1. Wit and humor, American.
2. New York (State). Legislature.



NOV 21 1987  
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A date stamp consisting of three lines of text. The first line reads 'NOV 21 1987', the second line reads 'CLUB', and the third line reads 'YEAR'.

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## CAPITOL STORIES.

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### RESEMBLANCE TO LINCOLN MARKED.

**A**SSSEMBLYMAN FITZGERALD, the Tammany leader in the lower house, received the marked copy of a paper one morning, and was about to throw it into the waste basket, when he thought he saw on one of its pages the picture of Assemblyman Bennet, the author of the Anti-Dancing bill, the Anti-Raines Law Hotel bill, the Anti-Pigeon Shooting bill and the Anti-Divorce Mill bill.

Catching up the paper Mr. Fitzgerald found that it was instead a picture of Abraham Lincoln.

He then showed the picture to Assemblyman Morgan, of Kings.

"That does look like Bennet," said the Kings county member. "Let us present it to him."

Mr. Morgan then cut out the picture, pasted it on a sheet of cardboard, and wrote the following inscription underneath:

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM S. BENNET  
OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ASSEMBLY DISTRICT,  
AS SEEN WHEN DELIVERING HIS FAMOUS GETTYSBURG SPEECH,  
IN WHICH HE SAID:  
"YOU CAN SHOOT CRAPS, BUT YOU CAN'T SHOOT PIGEONS."  
PRESENTED IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK BY  
JOHN HILL MORGAN,  
JAMES J. FITZGERALD,  
COMMITTEE.

*Johnson 23 Nov 1935*

The picture was then formally presented to the Assemblyman from the Twenty-first, who replied with dignity:

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool me this time."

Nevertheless, Mr. Bennet was so pleased with the picture that he is still carrying it around in his hip pocket.

---

#### BOOMERANG FOR "DRY DOLLAR" SULLIVAN.

**I**T is not often that Senator "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, of the Bowery district of New York, makes a speech on the floor of the Senate, and even on such occasions the representative of the Eleventh district limits his remarks to a few words. "Big Tim," as his admirers call him, does not aspire to oratory, but it is well known that he prides himself on his blunt wit, and delights to "take a throw" at some fellow-member by turning the laugh on his antagonist.

But "Big Tim" "took a throw" at one of his colleagues from New York one Wednesday, which, contrary to his expectations, resulted only in recoiling on himself.

It was at the end of a long debate on the Lunacy bill, and Senator Slater had risen to explain his vote in the

affirmative. He said that although personally he was averse to the bill, yet he did not want to abandon his party, which he termed metaphorically the Ship of State. "This ship has at its helm a Governor," he added, "who has hitherto guided it nobly and well, and as long as he is at the tiller I intend to stay by the ship."

The name of Senator Sullivan was then called, but he failed to respond.

"How does the Senator from the Eleventh vote?" asked Senator Ellsworth, who presided.

"Big Tim" slowly rose to his feet and said:

"I wuz watchin' that ship of Slater's so close to see whether it was sailing under the Union Jack or the skull and cross bones that I didn't hear my name."

Before Senator Sullivan had had time to announce his vote Senator Slater interrupted him by saying:

"I ask the pardon of the Senator from the Eleventh, but it was not my ship he was watching. It was instead a ship bound for Europe, and it carried both the Union Jack and the skull and cross bones."

## SENATOR LEWIS AND HIS PIPE.

**I**T so happened the other day that Senator Higgins, of Olean, Cattaraugus county, and Senator Lewis, of Rochester, met in the parlor of the Finance Committee, of which Senator Higgins is chairman. The former wore a long dress overcoat and a Prince Albert coat, and he carried in his hand a derby hat of scrupulous neatness. The Senator from Rochester wore a business overcoat, which, being unbuttoned, disclosed a sack coat, and he wore a slouch hat.

"Have a cigar?" said the Senator from Olean, as he took a couple of the slender type from his pocket and lighted one.

"No, thank you," said the Senator from Rochester. "I always smoke a pipe," and, so saying, he pulled out a straight-stemmed briarwood pipe and began to fill the bowl.

"You like a pipe?" said the Cattaraugus member in a tone half affirmative and half interrogative.

"I have smoked a pipe for the last — well, ever since I began studying law," was the reply, "and that was some time ago." Here Senator Lewis paused a moment, and, after blowing out a big cloud of smoke, he said:

"I am inclined to think that my fondness for the pipe is a fact which has become appreciated by the

Senate, and especially the Democratic contingent from New York. Only yesterday I found a little package in my mail, and on opening it I found a diminutive pipe, about two inches long, and some verses were tied to it. I forget just how they go, but they are something like this:

“ Better than home, better than wife,  
Better than most of the joys of life,  
Yes, best of all, as my years grow ripe,  
Is the smoking bowl of my corncob pipe.”

The representative from Rochester took another long puff, and then he added:

“ And below the poetry was signed the name of Thomas F. Grady.”

Senator Higgins laughed heartily at this unexpected entrance of the Tammany leader into the field of verse, and followed his companion to the cloakroom.



**ONLY NEW THING ON THE CANALS.**

**S**ENATOR DAVIS, leader of the canal men in the upper house, throughout the early part of the session was continually asked how his canal bill was getting on. Mr. Davis is from Erie county, which made the hottest fight for canal improvement. But continued questions along the same line are bound to exhaust the patience of even a canal man after a time. So it was one day that, after being asked the same question a dozen or more times, Mr. Davis was approached by a plain-looking citizen of Buffalo, who said:

"So glad to see you, Senator. You are looking so well. But, say, is there anything new on the canals to-day?"

"About two inches of ice," was the answer, as the Senator shook the visitor's hand with a good-natured laugh.

---

**WHY SCHOHARIE IS DEMOCRATIC.**

**A**SSEMBLYMAN GEORGE M. PALMER, of Schoharie, who is the leader of the Democrats in the lower house, was especially active one morning holding up bills of majority members, when he happened to discover on the calendar a railroad bill of Assemblyman Bedell, of Orange. Mr. Palmer had found in the

case of all the other bills, for which he demanded explanations, that the measures were fairly meritorious, and he was evidently losing confidence in his abilities as a legislative detective when he stumbled on the Bedell Railroad bill. The smile of satisfaction which overspread Mr. Palmer's face at once showed that at last he believed himself sure that he was on the trail of a truly dangerous animal. Accordingly, when the bill came up, Mr. Palmer moved to strike it out.

"This bill," he said, "is in the interest of the railroad corporations, and is dangerous. It provides that anybody like Mr. Bedell or myself who delays a street-car or who jumps on one while in motion can be punished by a fine of \$50. This bill won't leave the passenger any rights at all."

"If the gentleman from Schoharie will read the bill he will see that it applies only to freight trains, and that it will not affect him unless he goes riding in a boxcar or on the journals of a caboose," replied Mr. Bedell.

Mr. Palmer, discovering that he was again on a mare's nest hunt, attempted to get out of the predicament by becoming humorous to the extent of saying:

"If such is the case it might apply to some of our constituents at election time."

"Which explains the large Democratic vote in Schoharie county," interrupted Mr. Allds, leader of the Republican majority.

## THE ANTIPODES OF THE ASSEMBLY.

ASSEMBLYMAN JOHN "FOREVER" AHERN, who represents the Second district of Rensselaer county, and who has come by his middle name because of having introduced the Dramatic Censorship bill, has an antipode in the Assembly in the person of Charles "Whenever" Reynolds, of the Third district of Rensselaer. Mr. Ahern is, for example, smooth shaven. Mr. Reynolds wears a beard. Mr. Ahern generally carries a smile on his face. Mr. Reynolds for the most part carries a serious expression along with his beard. Mr. Ahern is moderately fleshy. Mr. Reynolds is moderately lean. But despite their difference in appearance and temperament, the two men are close friends.

After the bill was introduced Mr. Ahern immediately took a sanguine view of the situation, it is said, and believed that it was only a question of time when the stage would be regulated by the Ahern law, and plays would be as clean as the product of a Troy laundry. Mr. Reynolds, on the other hand, looked on the dark side from the first. He not only doubted, but he came dangerously close to giving up all hope that the Ahern bill would ever pass, and that, therefore, the name of Ahern, like his own, would eventually disappear from the history of the country.

As a compromise between the optimistic Mr. Ahern

and the pessimistic Mr. Reynolds, the bill of the former was withdrawn and a substitute introduced. Mr. Ahern thus gave up his attempt to measure and examine the actors of the country, in order to see if they reach physically, mentally and otherwise his standard of what an actor should be, and determined to limit his censorship instead to plays. In a compromise bill Mr. Ahern proposed to establish a commission which was to throw away whatever play it deemed unfit for the public mind, and to license only those plays which would stimulate the intelligence of theater-goers. The license was fixed at \$100 a play, and the money was to go into the pockets of the censors.

Mr. Ahern was even more delighted over the second bill than he was over the first. On the other hand, Mr. Reynolds became even more discouraged, and is said to have uttered such words as these:

“John, your bill will never pass.”

Time has shown that Mr. Reynolds was indeed a true prophet.

## MARKET VALUE OF HAY AND VERSE.

**A**SSEMBLYMAN STEVENS, of Franklin county, the editor of "The Malone Farmer," in the course of a conversation the other day with a member from the city of New York, happened to make mention of the "Anti-Daisy bill," of Assemblyman Leggitt, of Niagara county. This bill provides that the daisy be classed as a noxious weed along with the wild carrot, the common Canada thistle and the wild lettuce, and that if a farmer does not dig up these weeds the tax assessors are empowered to enter the farm, dig them up and charge the expense to the farmer, along with his taxes.

"And do you think that such a bill is a good bill?" asked the New Yorker. "The daisy, in my mind, is one of the most beautiful flowers that we have. I think that its chief beauty is its simplicity."

"That is all right," said the editor of "The Malone Farmer." "It may be beautiful to look at, but it ruins a crop of hay."

"But if you dig up the daisies, what will our poets do?" asked the city member.

"That is all right," was the answer; "but nowadays the poets don't stand much of a show. At the present time a bale of hay brings a good deal higher price than the same amount of poetry."

"I suppose you ought to know," was the New Yorker's answer, as he turned away with something of a sigh from the Adirondack journalist.

## WEEKES OR SEYMOUR WILL HAVE TO SHAVE.

**A** SSEMBLYMEN WEEKES AND SEYMOUR, of New York, who are known, because of their striking similarity, as "The Assembly Dromios," have become so tired of constantly being mistaken the one for the other that it is said they have decided to draw lots to see which one will shave, and thus establish some clew to his exact identity. At the present time one is such a good imitation of the other that Mr. Weekes is said to have suddenly met Mr. Seymour the other day in a committee-room, and to have adroitly jumped to one side, for fear of running into an imaginary looking-glass.

Messrs. Seymour and Weekes are nearly of the same height. They both wear cutaway coats and dark cravats. Each has a fairly high forehead, the altitude of which is apparently increased by an incipient baldness. There are also many other details of dress and habit, in which the one duplicates the other, but the characteristic which more than anything else serves to confuse the public at large and themselves in particular is the cut of their beards.

The Weekes-Seymour beard is trimmed in such a way as to convey the impression that the barber (for it is believed that both employ the same one) must at one time in his life have been a painter of the Flemish school. It is not an exact revival of the beard which the great

Flemish artist made famous as the Van Dyck, for it shows to a greater or less degree the influence of modern thought. It is more practical than the original Van Dyck beard, in so far that it endeavors here and there to cover over spots where the growth is thinner or of inferior quality.

Here is a good example of how Messrs. Weekes and Seymour are constantly confusing the public:

It so happened one evening, at the time of the convention of the State Bar Association, that Chief Engineer Bond chanced to see Mr. Seymour in the corridor of the Hotel Ten Eyck. Hastening across the room, he grasped Mr. Seymour's hand and exclaimed:

"Why, how are you, Weekes? You are looking better than I ever saw you."

Mr. Seymour smiled as if this was something of a compliment and said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Bond, my name is Seymour — Seymour, of New York."

The State Engineer excused himself, adroitly turned the subject of conversation to that of canal-boats, and finally excused himself.

Only two hours afterward, at a reception given at the Fort Orange Club, Mr. Bond was again talking about canal-boats and towpaths, when he espied a man with a Van Dyck beard entering the room. Hastily excusing

himself from those with whom he was talking, he turned to the newspaper and read eagerly:

"Why, hello, Weekes! hey, I want to tel you of how I got fixed only about two hours ago. It was the most delicious mistake I ever made. You know I met that fellow Seymour, and I mentioned him to you — you know, he is from down your way somewhere. Hey, Weekes, how are you any way?"

The man with the thin lips went over to smile, but, failing in the attempt, he said in a whisper:

"You will meet in person the man in whose a department — Seymour, of New York."

#### HOLDING UP A MIRROR TO THE WORLD.

SENATOR WILLIAM V. BRADEN of Iowa, who represents the Forty-fourth Senate District, is known upon the floor of his colleagues in the upper house as a good judge of Russia. His testimony has made a special study of Russian finances, carrying power and influence over him has now introduced several bills having for their purpose the improvement of the trade of the State. It was announced that Senator Braden, of Iowa, after a leisurely vacation day, in which he had enjoyed a home visit with his



Senator from Rochester, turned to his colleague and said:

"Sorry I had to object, but it was too good a chance."

"Why didn't you let it go?" asked the member from the Forty-fourth.

"If it had been anybody else I would," was the answer. "But it is not often a fellow has the chance to hold up a highway man."

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#### THE FORESTRY COMMITTEE AND "GRAFTING."

ASSEMBLYMAN GHERARDI DAVIS, who has served three terms already as the representative of the Twenty-seventh Assembly district of New York, and who is regarded with feelings of awe by those members who innocently introduce "strike" bills and remain in blissful ignorance of it until they are suddenly told of the fact some Friday morning by the member from the Twenty-seventh, was made chairman of the Committee on Forestry this session by Speaker Nixon. That such an urbane member should be selected for a place requiring an acquaintance with rural and sylvan life has been a subject of considerable comment among the several up-State members who thought they had earned for themselves such a distinction.

It so happened one day that an overcurious up-State

man asked Mr. Davis how he happened to obtain the chairmanship of the Forestry Committee, and Mr. Davis said:

"I am sure I don't know. The only piece of forest that I have in my district is Bryant Park, and I cannot say that I am very thoroughly acquainted with the kind of trees there."

At this point a Tammany member chanced to come up, who had been considerably distressed on more than one occasion last year by Mr. Davis's attacks on certain of his bills which Mr. Davis believed were bad bills, and which he had written down in a small pocket memorandum-book, known by its owner as the "Gherardi Davis Strike Bill Book."

"It is queer that you should have the chairmanship of this committee," said the Tammany man.

"Very strange," repeated Mr. Davis.

"That's right," said the Tammany man. "It's very strange. I should think that they would have picked out a man for the Forestry Committee who could graft."

"Well," said the up-State member, who had hoped to get the chairmanship himself, "there won't be any more grafting now." And the Tammany man nodded with a still sadder expression.

**"WHY SMITH DIDN'T LEAVE HOME."**

**A**T the beginning of the session Otto Kelsey, who is chairman of the Assembly Cities Committee, and who, in the opinion of the older members of the lower house, would be the Governor of the State if that officer were ever to be chosen from the Assembly, and Messrs. Nixon and Allds had both declined the honor, happened to be busy at his desk, when a white-haired man addressed him by saying:

"Want to say how-to-do. How are you?"

Mr. Kelsey looked up at this salutation and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Smith; glad you are back again, although we are never without a half-dozen Smiths in the Assembly. It is hard work to get the initials of all of them straight. Let's see, yours are J. T., John T., Smith, of Dutchess?"

"That's right," said the white-haired man, "and you won't have so much trouble now, for there are only four Smiths here this year."

"Only four Smiths!" replied the chairman of the Cities Committee. "Well, that is comforting. Who are the four?"

"Why, there is James E. Smith, that Tammany fellow from New York," was the answer, "and Clarence W. Smith, of Fulton and Hamilton, and George H. Smith, of Monroe, and myself."

"And how is it that you haven't more Smiths here?" asked Mr. Kelsey after a moment of thought.

"I guess it is a case of 'why Smith didn't leave home,'" replied the white-haired man, as he started for the door.

---

### GUYING EACH OTHER.

ASSEMBLYMAN SMITH AND SANDERS, of New York, who sit near each other in the chamber of the lower house, were watching Assemblyman Gardiner, of Rochester, the other morning, when Mr. Sanders said to his companion:

"Do you see that dreamy look on Gardiner's face? He must be thinking of home. I see that he has a bill on the calendar, and when it comes along I'll wake him up."

Ten minutes later the clerk had reached Mr. Gardiner's bill and read in a high-pitched, monotonous voice:

"By Mr. Gardiner, 256. An act to amend chapter 182 of the Laws of 1898, entitled 'An act for the government of cities of the second class, relative to city sealer.'"

"I move to strike out," shouted Mr. Sanders, even before the Speaker had recognized him.

Mr. Gardiner slowly rose to his feet as if he were

about to deliver a long prepared speech in behalf of his bill, when Mr. Sanders interrupted him in advance by saying:

"Objection withdrawn. I just wanted to get a rise out of the gentleman from Monroe."

The next bill happened to be one introduced by Mr. Sanders, entitled "An act to incorporate the Federation of American Zionists." Mr. Gardiner was immediately on his feet with the motion to strike out.

"This is a perfectly harmless bill," began Mr. Sanders, as he smiled across the chamber at the member from Monroe. "It merely provides that —"

"Objection withdrawn," shouted Mr. Gardiner, without waiting for recognition. "It's sometimes impossible to tell a harmless bill by its title."

And the bill was passed.

---

### TRAMPS IN ONTARIO COUNTY.

**A**MONG the other bills which journeyed from one stage to another along the legislative highway this session was the Tramp bill of Assemblyman Jean Burnett, of Ontario county. This vagabond piece of legislation, naturally enough, got on much better than some of the silk-stocking measures of certain New York members, and, although only introduced on January

29th, it was advanced to third reading in the Assembly one week later. After passing the house the bill perished from cold and exposure in the Senate. The Burnett Tramp bill provided that in the county of Ontario tramps should be committed to the county jail instead of sent to the nearest penitentiary. When he was asked why it was desirable thus to keep the tramps at home, Mr. Burnett said:

"We need our tramps up there in Ontario county. You see we have the labor system of caring for the roads, and the more work we can get out of these fellows the better for the roads."

"You must have a good number of tramps up your way to make such legislation worth while," said Assemblyman Stevens, of Malone, who represents Franklin county in the lower house.

"There are. And all those who are not in the Legislature are tramping up and down our roads."

"Then you must be sure of a re-election," said a third member who happened to overhear the conversation.

**MUCH SKUNK LEGISLATION.**

**T**HERE has been an unusual amount of skunk legislation in both houses of the Legislature this year.

Three skunk bills have been introduced which would not have awakened the legislators as to their presence, no doubt, as long as they were well locked up in committee. But one of the bills by managing to get loose went the length of the Senate and the Assembly, apparently because no one was willing to stop it.

The sponsors for the three bills are Senator Stranahan and Assemblymen Moran and Treat. The Stranahan bill is for the protection of the skunks of Oswego county. It is said in behalf of the measure that the skunks of Oswego county have not had a fair chance compared with the skunks of other counties in which there is a close season, and for that reason the Oswego skunks are compelled to keep on the move the year round.

The bill of Mr. Moran is also prompted by similar compassion for the skunks of Seneca and Onondaga counties. In these counties at the present time there is no close season for skunks, and their leisure is as ruthlessly disturbed as in Senator Stranahan's county.

The Treat bill is the most revolutionary measure in behalf of the skunks, inasmuch as it is intended to protect the skunks of the entire State. It also extends the close season for skunks to a period of eight months in

the year. According to Mr. Treat, who has studied the question with some thoroughness, the skunk ought to be left alone as much as eight months in the year, for the good both of the skunk and also of his constituents.

---

### WHY GREEN WAS NOT ON THE COMMITTEE.

**A**LTHOUGH Prince Henry reached Albany on March 7th, the reception committee of the Legislature was appointed nearly a month in advance. Such an early appointment was the source of much conjecture, and a canvass made of the members of the committee resulted in finding almost as many varying beliefs as members.

For example, one believed that the conversation to be carried on with the Prince was to be in German, and that thus the American-born committeemen would have a chance to study up that language, so as to be able to say "Yah" and "Nein" at the right time. For the same reason the German members would be able to refresh their memories of native scenes, and thus lend a local coloring to their remarks.

The Senate contingent of the committee, which was appointed by Mr. Woodruff, with a mind, perhaps to the national character of the reception, was composed of Senators White, Brown, Wagner, Fuller and Rams-



perger. The Assemblymen, whom Speaker Nixon appeared to choose more from political and geographical reasons, were Assmblyman Allds, Palmer, Kelsey, Coughtry, Graeff, Schneider and Litthauer. Senator Wagner was, perhaps, the most enthusiastic over the occasion, and he was the first member of the joint committee to procure a Prince Henry badge.

It thus happened that Senator Brackett was having a talk one Wednesday morning with Senator Grady, after the session of the Senate, when Senator Wagner approached the two men.

On catching sight of the Kings county member, the statesman from Saratoga, out of respect to the honor which had been conferred upon Senator Wagner, in having been made one of the reception committee said:

“Goot morgen, mein lieber Herr Wagner; how gates it?”

“Ziemlich goot, mein lieber freund; vat doest zee tink von der Prince Henry committee?”

Senator Grady here interrupted this Teutonic pleantry, by saying with that pained expression which he assumes at times:

“All jokes and German aside, Joseph, I see you are going to receive the Prince. Who are the other members of the committee?”

The Brooklyn Senator here shifted his weight to the

other leg, as if to give him a better command of the English language, and answered:

"Why, there are Senators White, Brown, Fuller, Ramsperger and myself."

"I guess that includes all the Germans of foreign and native birth, doesn't it, Joseph?" queried the Tammany leader with another pained look.

"All the Germans are on the committee, I believe," said the Brooklyn member. "But with White and Brown on, I don't think that Senator Green ought to have been left off."

"I do," said Senator Grady, with considerable emphasis. "There should be no Green on such a committee. I understand that the relations of Germany and England are already considerably strained."

---

#### WHERE HIS BEAUTY INCREASED.

SENATOR HENRY MARSHALL happened to be walking along one of the windy corridors of the Capitol the other evening, when, for some unknown reason or other, the electric lights were extinguished, leaving the hall in utter darkness. The power was soon turned on, however, and the Brooklyn Senator resumed his way. He had hardly taken more than half a dozen steps when the lights again went out.

Startled at the second lapse into darkness, which threatened to continue indefinitely, two young women stenographers, who have desks opposite the room of the clerk of the Senate, cried out:

"Oh dear! Is this going to last all night?"

Senator Marshall happened to be only a short distance from the stenographers, and when, a moment later, the incandescent lamps suddenly became luminous, he stood there as if bewildered.

"Strange," he said as he turned at last toward the Senate library, "but my beauty always increases with the darkness."

---

#### PREFERRED PLAIN FOOD.

ASSEMBLYMEN RICHTER, DUROSS and DOOLING, of New York, who are Tammany men, and Assemblyman Patton, of Buffalo, who is a Republican, went into a restaurant at the foot of State street one night to have a dinner of wild duck and champagne. Assemblyman Richter had suggested the dinner in honor of the visit to this country of Prince Henry. After the four statesmen had seated themselves Assemblyman Dooling glanced over the bill of fare and then remarked to Assemblyman Duross, who sat opposite:

"Say, do you know this duck comes pretty high for

an honest politician. On sober second thought, too, I think that I ought not to have any champagne either. I can't afford it."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Richter, pulling out one of his own cigars that he had made himself and lighting it. "Most of these dishes are rather high for honest politicians. I think that I will give up the idea of duck altogether."

Assemblymen Duross and Patton looked at each other with somewhat of a disappointed look, and then Mr. Dooling said:

"Well, Richter, you order the dinner and we will abide by your decision."

"Well," said the representative of the Eighteenth district, which is said to contain more gas tanks than any other district in the State, after he had turned the bill of fare wrong side out several times, "I think that the proper dish for honest men like ourselves is corned beef and cabbage."

And instead of wild duck and champagne, Messrs. Richter, Dooling, Duross and Patton ate corned beef and cabbage.

**THE "PONCE DE LEON" OF THE ASSEMBLY.**

**A**SSSEMBLYMAN ROBERT A. SNYDER, of Ulster county, who has served six years in the lower house and who is its oldest member, has come to be known as the "Ponce de Leon" of the Assembly. Mr. Snyder, however, unlike his namesake, has been fortunate enough to find the fabled fountain of youth.

When Mr. Snyder bade good-bye to his associates at the close of the session last spring he wore a beard, which reached nearly to his waist. It was snow white, and its abundant growth had earned him the name among the more jocular page boys of Rip Van Winkle.

On the opening day of this session a man, smooth shaven with the exception of a mustache, whose white hair seemed to have been caused either by sudden sorrow or some perfidious hair tonic, walked into the room of Speaker Nixon and, holding out his hand, exclaimed:

"Hello, Fred! How are you?"

Mr. Nixon drew back, not a little surprised, and then extended his hand in a cautious way, as if he was afraid of getting a gold brick in exchange.

The newcomer, perceiving the mystified expression on the Speaker's face, added promptly:

"Pardon me; I thought you knew me. At any rate, I want to make your acquaintance. I am that new

member from Ulster county, and I want to know if I can have the same places on the different committees that old man Snyder had last year.

"Old man Snyder!" exclaimed Mr. Nixon. "Why you don't succeed him, do you? Wasn't the old man re-elected?"

"Certainly," answered the young man with the white hair, as he twirled his mustache. "He was re-elected, and that is the very reason that I am here to succeed him."

The shadow darkened still more on the Speaker's face and then it suddenly gave way to a hearty laugh. Thereupon he said:

"Say, Snyder, just give me the address of that pond, won't you? You see, I may want to take a dip in it myself twenty years from now."

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### THE EXPLOSION HE MEANT.

SENATORS GRADY and GREEN happened to be seated in adjacent chairs in the barber shop of the Ten Eyck Hotel one Monday night, when the latter said, under a heap of soap suds:

"See you've had a terrible explosion down in New York."

"Yes," replied the Senator from New York with an

abruptness which told of the close proximity of the razor to his mouth.

"Any of your friends killed?" persisted the Senator from Binghamton.

"Yes, several hundred," came the reply.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the up-State member, as he almost ran the razor into his nose by suddenly turning his face toward the Tammany representative. "And were they killed instantly?"

"Instantly," repeated the member from the Fourteenth district, as he freed himself momentarily from the meshes of the towel. "But I see you misunderstand me. I had reference to the great explosion of January 1st."

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#### FINDS THERE IS SOMETHING IN A NAME.

**A**SSEMBLYMAN COTTON, of Kings, was sitting in one of the reporter's chairs just under the gavel of the Speaker one Wednesday, when John J. Sloane, of Yonkers, the only Democratic representative from Westchester county, happened to pass by.

"Why, hello, Sloane!" exclaimed the Brooklyn Assemblyman. "What's the matter with you? Can't you recognize one of your friends?"

Mr. Sloane turned abruptly at this and in a condescending manner said:

"Mr. Cotton, since I have come into possession of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Prince Henry agreed to have the use of it as my host, I am not speaking to Tom, Dick and Harry."

Mr. Cotton was still struggling with his feelings when the Yonkers statesman added:

"If you don't believe me, just look at this article which I have clipped from a New York newspaper. It is headed, as you see, 'Owners of the Grand Royal Box.' The owners, besides myself, are J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Joseph Stickney and Adrian Iselin, Jr. We five, with a few partners apiece, own the five boxes which are to be tendered to Prince Henry on the gala night. If you don't believe me, just look at the group of pictures. Don't you see mine there next to that of Mr. Morgan?"

"But how did you get there?" asked Mr. Cotton, still more puzzled.

"I didn't," was the quick answer. "Only my picture got there. You see, the box belongs to Mr. John Sloane, of New York, and they ran my picture instead of his."

Mr. Cotton was just going to laugh when the Assemblyman from Yonkers held him up by saying:

"In spite of Shakespeare, there is a lot in a name, eh, Cotton?"



## MAYOR KNIGHT'S GLAD HAND.

**A**SSEMBLYMAN COOK, of Erie county, was telling a little group in the corridor of the Hotel Ten Eyck, including Assemblymen O'Malley and Patton, of Erie, and Bennet, of New York, a few incidents of the last municipal campaign in Buffalo, which resulted in the election of Erastus C. Knight, the Republican candidate.

"You all know," said Mr. Cook, "what an approachable and affable man Mr. Knight is. Well, it was this fact that many of us tried to emphasize in the campaign; but one of our speakers, who was a German of more than ordinary parts, but whose mastery of the English language was not altogether perfect, once used this argument with almost boomerang results.

"One night in his efforts to tell the audience that in case Mr. Knight was elected any citizen might have ready access to him and obtain at all times a sympathetic response, he put it in a way which almost broke up the meeting.

"*'Freundts,'* said he, *'ven you elect Mr. Knight for de Mayor, all you vill get afterwards vill be a gladdt handt.'*

"Well," added the Buffalo legislator, "it was a long time before we could overcome the effect of that *'glad hand'* speech."

## FEARFUL OF WHITECAPS.

SENATOR THORNTON, of Monticello, who represents the Twenty-sixth Senate district of this State, found a notice on his desk recently which at first gave him the impression that his life was in danger. The notice on examination proved to be a pamphlet addressed to the Senator from some prominent citizen of the town of Norwich, but what especially startled the Senator were these inscriptions, which were written around the edge of the printed matter:

"Beware! We are on your track!"

"If you do not obey, we will hound you?"

"We must be heard!"

"At midnight we will call on you."

The Senator from the Twenty-sixth district puzzled his head over the threatening words and then, as his alarm grew greater, he called Senator Davis, of Buffalo, aside, and asked:

"What do you think of that, George?"

"Looks as if the Whitecaps were after you all right," was the reply, and then the Senator from Buffalo read aloud the pamphlet, which was to the effect that the Senator should withhold his approval from any bill pertaining to the town of Norwich until it had been granted a hearing. The letter was signed by E. D. Baker.

"Who's this man Baker?" asked Senator Davis, after reading the written threats around the edge of the paper.

"Don't know," was the answer, "unless it be the chief magistrate."

"Is Norwich in your district?"

"Guess it is, but I have not heard of any such iniquitous legislation," said Senator Thornton.

"The town has evidently been badly treated," said the man from Buffalo.

"Not half so bad as I will be if these Whitecaps get me," said the man from Monticello.

Then, as the face of Senator Davis grew longer, Senator Thornton said:

"Although I have a faint suspicion that some fellow-member around here wrote this Whitecap business, I'll see that Norwich has a hearing."

"Better be on the safe side at your age," was the answer.

Since that time it is said that the Senator from Monticello has rarely been out unattended after dark.

## SPORT ON LONG ISLAND.

**A**T a hearing on Senator Cocks's bill, limiting the speed of automobiles, there was a lively tilt between the Senator and A. R. Shattuck, president of the Automobile Club of America, which showed the Senator's reasons for living on Long Island.

After the Senator had finished speaking in support of the bill, Mr. Shattuck said:

"But why, Senator, do you distinguish against automobiles? I have seen men driving horses at a 2:05 clip along your roads. Why don't you go after them?"

"Very true," said the Quaker Senator. "Some drive their horses very fast, and we have fox hunting down our way, and the dogs and horses raise such a dust you can't tell them from automobiles. But we can't catch them all at once, so we are going to round up the automobiles first."

"You have a great deal of sport in your part of the country, don't you?" interrupted Mr. Shattuck.

"Yes," said the Senator, "between the automobiles, the dogs, the foxes, and the horses, life on Long Island is by no means monotonous."

**PENDRY AND HIS "LITTLE CORPORAL."**

**A**SSSEMBLYMAN WILLIAM H. PENDRY, of Kings county, has attracted no end of attention in the lower house this session because of his messenger, who is said to be the shortest man ever seen inside the State Capitol. Henry C. Albrecht is his name, and although thirty-six years old he is only four feet and one inch in height. Beside Mr. Pendry, as the two walk down the street, Henry's head is on a level with the Assemblyman's hip pocket, and when Mr. Pendry is sitting at his desk in the Assembly Chamber and Henry stands beside him, the latter just comes up to the shoulder of the member from the Twentieth district of Kings.

But, although Henry is by all odds the smallest man in the Assembly, he is none the less esteemed by the Kings county Assemblyman and by others who have chanced to make his acquaintance. When there is a bill wanted to add to Mr. Pendry's file, or a glass of water to bring from the big copper cistern at the end of the room, Henry is only too willing to go on the mission, and he dodges out and in and under the crowds that clog the aisles with a rapidity of motion which is little short of marvelous.

When Ambassador Cambon visited the Assembly and was presented to the different members by Speaker

Nixon, one in the line to shake the Ambassador's hand was Mr. Pendry. Beside him was Henry, his "fidus Achates." After Mr. Cambon had grasped Mr. Pendry's hand he reached down to greet the little messenger and said in the best of English, "So this is the 'Little Corporal.'" Since that time the name of "Little Corporal" has stuck.

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#### HE COULD HANDLE LIVE STOCK.

**A**SSEMBLYMAN JAMES MCKINLEY GRAEFF, the representative of Essex county, was counting over in his mind's eye one day his herds of registered Guernsey cattle, when Speaker Nixon called upon him to take the chair. A long debate on the Pennsylvania Tunnel bill had just come to a close, and as the head of the Westport Creamery took up the gavel, Mr. Allds, of Chenango, the shepherd of the Republican flock, moved a call of the house for the purpose of finding if possible any stray G. O. P. lambs.

Mr. Graeff is the owner of nine or more farms in his district, and he was looking down on the stretch of faces below much as he would take a survey of his broad acres, when Assemblyman James E. Smith, the Tammany representative of the Fifteenth Assembly district,

New York, whispered to his friend, James J. McInerney, of Kings county:

"I wonder if Graeff knows the rules well enough not to get rattled at a point of order."

"Try him and see," was Mr. McInerney's advice.

With this encouragement Mr. Smith sprang to his feet and drowned out the voice of the clerk who was calling the roll of absentees, by saying:

"I rise to a point of order. I want to —"

"Nothing is in order during a call of the house," shouted the Essex county stock-raiser, as he brought down the gavel.

As Mr. Smith took his seat and Mr. McInerney was indulging in a laugh, Mr. McKeown, who prides himself on never having made a mistake in his life as far as parliamentary questions are concerned, remarked as he passed by:

"Say, Smith, Graeff was right on that. He can handle live stock in Albany as well as Essex county."

There were no further interruptions.

## ONE WAY TO GET REVENGE.

**A**SSEMBLYMEN FINCH and COLBY, who represent respectively the Fifth and Twenty-ninth Assembly districts of New York, were engaged in a hot debate one cold day in February on a bill amending the Code of Civil Procedure. As the measure dealt with an involved legal question, all the lay members of the Assembly were attempting to make their escape to the lobby.

Mr. Colby was the introducer of the bill, and unlike certain members who introduce bills merely to lay them aside, the member from the Twenty-ninth district urged the passage of the measure and dilated upon the merits of its provisions.

Mr. Finch, for some reason or other, opposed the bill with great vehemence and kept shaking a large legal document in his hand and grinding his incisors after a manner which no one except a resident of the Fifth district is said to be able to imitate.

Following Mr. Colby and Mr. Finch, other New York city lawyers took turns, and the legal points became so minutely dissected that not even Dr. Fisher, the Assemblyman from Cattaraugus county, could have found a bacillus small enough to crawl between them. And as the members who had had no legal training fell into an ever-deepening slumber, such members as Assembly-



men Davis, J. A. Allen, Duross, Sanders, James E. Smith, Fitzgerald and Bennet harangued on the bill at still greater length.

The slumber of the laymen was just about complete when it was suddenly broken by a shout from Assemblyman Ahern, of Troy, who occupies the extreme left-hand seat. Assemblyman Grady, a lawyer member, who represents the Thirty-fifth district, of New York, happened to be debating the bill when Mr. Ahern cried:

"Louder, louder. I want to hear this debate; this is too rich to miss."

Assemblymen Townsend, Reeve and Hughes, who are neighbors of the Troy member, had hardly recovered from the shock of his voice, when he said in a lower tone:

"I just wanted to get back at Grady. He tried to make fun of my actor's bill before the General Laws Committee yesterday, and I thought I'd get even."

Such a laugh went up that Mr. Grady soon brought his sentences to a close, and Mr. Ahern had his revenge.

**THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR SENATORS.**

**T**HE senior and junior members of the Senate are respectively Hobart Krum, of Schoharie, and Nathaniel A. Elsberg, of New York. The former is sixty-nine years old and the latter is thirty. The birthdays of both men come in January and are just a week apart, for the anniversary of the birth of the Schoharie Senator comes on January 12th, while that of his young colleague from the metropolis occurs on January 5th.

Senator Krum is now serving his seventh, and, according to remarks which he often lets fall in conversation with intimate friends, his last year in the upper house. But the Senator from Schoharie has been threatening, after the fashion of the most popular actors and other public entertainers, a "last performance" for several years, only to excuse his return after the next election by saying:

"Well, I had to run again."

Both Senators are members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, over which Senator Brackett presides. Because there are only two Republican Senators from Manhattan and the Bronx, namely, Senators Elsberg and Slater, each is burdened down with a large amount of legislation which is referred to this committee. Consequently, Senator Elsberg often rises in his seat

at a meeting of the committee and asks for favorable action on some one of his measures.

It happened one day that he asked for the favorable report on a half dozen or more bills, and just as he was taking his seat, he exclaimed:

"Pardon me, I forgot. There is still another bill of mine here which I would call to the attention of the committee. It relates —"

"Wait," interrupted Senator Krum, as he ran his fingers through his file of bills. "I suppose the bill is all right, but I want to see its exact provisions."

"There need be no fear," said Senator Elsberg, "out of respect for the Senator from Schoharie, I would not introduce a bad bill." At this the senior Senator pushed the file of bills away from him, took his glasses from his nose, recrossed his legs, and said:

"I only wish certain older members were as considerate," whereupon he voted to report the bills.

## COTTON SAW THE FISH.

CHARLES H. COTTON'S reputation for truthfulness has been still further strengthened by a story which he told this session to some of his fellow-Assemblymen from Brooklyn, the Tuesday that the spring flood was at its highest.

Mr. Cotton was surrounded by a group of members who had chanced to gather after the close of the session around the seat of Assemblyman Weber. Among other Brooklyn members in the little circle were Messrs. Remsen, Langhorst, Ash and Manee. All listened attentively to the story which Mr. Cotton told as follows:

"Because of the flood I did not reach the Stanwix Hotel, where I have my room, until two o'clock this morning. The waters had risen within two feet of the floor and had almost completely submerged the side steps of the hotel in Maiden Lane.

"Well, I looked over the situation, and having decided that the water would not carry me out to the sea during the night, I started for my room. I was just going up the stairs when I noticed considerable commotion in the corridor and saw the porter run out to the side door. There was something floundering out there on the steps, which I first thought might be a man drowning. The porter reached down quickly into the

water and the next minute he hauled up a huge fish."

"Impossible," exclaimed an Adirondack member, who happened to be passing by.

"It was a fact," replied Mr. Cotton with considerable spirit. "The porter had fished out a carp more than a foot long. It was afterward served up with drawn butter gravy in the dining-room."

Some of the members from Erie county who had overheard the story looked at each other dubiously, when Mr. Remsen, who because of his long residence in the suburbs of Brooklyn, has been called by some of the up-State members, "Farmer Remsen," asked quietly:

"But, did you see the fish yourself, Cotton?"

"Saw it as much as I see you now," was the quick reply.

"Then it must be true," broke in Assemblyman Weber, and the other Brooklynites nodded their heads in silent assent.

**BISHOP DOANE AND HIS BIG ST. BERNARD.**

**N**O dogs are admitted to the Executive Chamber of Governor Odell, except one. That dog is Cluny, and the Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany, is his master. Cluny is a huge, short-haired St. Bernard, and his ancestry can be traced back to the beginning of the last century.

Cluny has thus become a familiar sight in the halls of the Capitol, as he follows his master about or sits in a corner guarding the Bishop's hat on occasions when the head of the Albany Diocese is addressing some committee at a hearing or is listening to the debate on some bill in which he is vitally interested.

At home Cluny's favorite place is a black fur rug which is stretched before the fireplace of the Bishop's study. When his master is in the house the dog sleeps most of the time, and on being awakened grunts with such a loud sound that strangers mistake it for a growl.

It thus happened the other day that a friend who had happened to call on the Bishop, on entering the study where the dog lay at full length on the floor, caused the dog to grunt so deeply that the Bishop said: "Poor Cluny. He makes that heavy sound because he is getting old. Cluny and I are both getting well along in years; I shall be seventy years old next Sunday, March 2, and Cluny will be ten years old the middle of

the month. Both of us have now lived the natural span. But Cluny, I fear, is growing older faster than I. He sleeps most of the day."

"But how is it that the dog is admitted to the Executive Chamber when all other members of the canine family are so religiously excluded?" asked the visitor.

"Well, you see Cluny's grandmother, Dutchess, belonged to Governor Tilden, so I suppose," replied the Bishop, "he has the right by inheritance."

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#### CULLINAN'S CURIO BOX AND CLAM.

THERE are thousands of persons in this State who evidently look upon Excise Commissioner Patrick W. Cullinan as a sort of Great Spirit, in whom is vested the combined powers of the Governor, the Supreme Court, the National Guard and the police. There are also a great many who regard him as a kind of commissioner in clairvoyancy, able to accomplish even supernatural deeds. Others come to him as they might to a priest at confessional, and through the medium of the mail they tell him of domestic afflictions caused by drink, and implore him to help and save them.

Some of the letters which the Commissioner receives almost every day are ridiculous in the questions they

ask or the suggestions they make for the management of the department. Accordingly, the Commissioner keeps what he calls a "curio box," into which he drops whatever letters which may strike his fancy because of drollery or some unique characteristic. Occasionally, when Senator Raines, the author of the law on which the Excise Department is based, drops in to see the Commissioner, the latter takes down his "curio box" and reads a few "new ones" that may have come in recently. The big-framed Senator from Ontario county lays his big slouched hat on the Commissioner's desk and listens with hardly a change of expression.

Here is one curio for example:

"GROTON, NEW YORK.

"DEAR COMMISSIONER.— If you will kindly answer one more question concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors in this no-license town, I will be much obliged. For instance, when something is unloaded here nights after the electric lights are out, have we a right to seize such a load while being unloaded to prove if possible the sale of intoxicating beverages? As our present constables would be likely to give us away beforehand, how could we proceed, if at all?

Yours, the Rev. ——."

Ever since William Travers Jerome advocated an open saloon law on Sundays the office of the Commissioner



has been overrun with all kinds of visitors curious to know what Mr. Cullinan thought about the subject. These callers not only took up a great deal of the Commissioner's time, but they also did not tend to improve his reputation for patience and good-nature. After the election of the fusion ticket, and Mr. Jerome's speech at Rochester still more strongly advocating a liberalization of the Sunday Excise Law, the crowd increased in Mr. Cullinan's office. At last in desperation he called on Louis W. Hines, the State Architect.

"I want to have you draw me a picture to hang up on the wall of my office, so that it will be in plain sight of everybody who comes in," explained the Excise Commissioner.

"A picture of Senator Raines?" queried Mr. Hines thoughtfully.

"Not exactly," was the answer. "No, I want the picture of a clam."

Mr. Hines painted the clam, and it now hangs in the Excise Commissioner's office. Whenever any one now comes in and asks him about Sunday opening Mr. Cullinan simply points to the picture on the wall.

## THE LORDS AND THE COMMONERS.

THE casual visitor to the Capitol spends an hour or more in the Senate and Assembly chambers, listens to the debate, if there be one, or the mumble of the clerk, as bill after bill is passed to which there is no opposition, and then taking a squint at the Executive Chamber, where Governor Odell may be found perchance in conversation with some delegation of citizens from New York city, he goes away with the full conviction that he knows how the laws of the State are made. If the truth be told, however, such a visitor might have spent a month within these legislative halls and yet have failed to have seen more than the dial and hands of the clock of state.

If one, therefore, desires to see the inner side of the legislative life of Albany he must needs gain entrance to two other branches of the State Legislature, which have come to be called the "House of Lords" and the "House of Commons." The first is composed of Senators and the latter of Assemblymen, who constitute the steering committees of their respective houses of the Legislature. These men live and eat together, and it is over their breakfast table or in the quiet of their library that the most important affairs of state are considered and formulated.

The present "House of Lords" is made up of Senator

Ellsworth, president of the Senate; Senator Stranahan, chairman of the Cities Committee; Senator Higgins, chairman of the Finance Committee; Senator Krum, chairman of the Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment, and of Excise; Senator Humphrey, chairman of the Committee on Banks; Senator White, chairman of the Committee on Education, and Frederick D. Kilburn, State Superintendent of Banks.

It can thus be seen that the major part of important legislation is referred to those committees whose chairmen live in the "House of Lords," and since these Senators are also members of other committees, the "House of Lords" has, as it were, under its thumb, the whole pulse of the Legislature.

The "House of Lords," which was established seven years ago and which has been located in different places, now has its home in what is known as the Sweeney House, at No. 5 Elk street. The furnishings of the house are elegant, in spite of which its "inmates," as Senator Higgins calls them, are found to be at bottom a very democratic lot. It is said that the only member of the household who feels its aristocracy is Edward, the butler, who has the bearing of the seneschal of some baronial hall. But when off duty Edward, too, becomes as democratic as the rest, and simply signs his name "Edward Ryan."

The "House of Commons," at No. 125 State street,

which consists of representatives from the more popular branch of the Legislature, but which, in the language of one new member from an up-State county, "feels its oats" more than the "House of Lords," is presided over by the benign S. Fred. Nixon, Speaker of the Assembly. With Mr. Nixon are associated Assemblymen Jotham P. Allds, leader of the Republican majority in the lower house and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; Otto Kelsey, chairman of the Cities Committee; James T. Rogers, chairman of the Judiciary Committee; John Hill Morgan, chairman of the Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment; Julius H. Seymour and Albert T. Fancher. Besides these seven legislators, the "House of Commons" includes James G. Graham, the private secretary of the Governor, and Theodore P. Gilman, Deputy State Comptroller. It so happens that Mr. Gilman is the business manager of the establishment, an experience which some of his associates jocosely say "helps him" in his duties in the Comptroller's office.

The Speaker sits at the head of the table, and the leader at the foot; and it often happens that as a result of repartee between the head and the foot the relative positions of the two are vindicated. If Assemblyman Kelsey smiles at a joke it is generally considered fairly humorous, but no joke is regarded as positively witty unless it can also tempt a smile from the face of John

Hill Morgan, of Kings. Mr. Morgan, who introduced the Ramapo legislation last year, has been known during certain drouths of humor to go without a smile for a week together, and at one time he is said to have refused to smile at any joke which did not concern the subject of water.

It often happens that members of the "House of Commons" bring their families to Albany because of some social or official function. Then the bachelor table takes on a more domestic look. And even Assemblyman Morgan forgets himself and smiles when Dorothy Nixon, the Speaker's little daughter, leans on her father's arm as he sits at the head of the breakfast table and asks: "Papa, why didn't Mr. Morgan grow more?"

Both the "House of Lords" and the "House of Commons" trace their names to a remark made by Elihu Root, Secretary of War. Mr. Root was in Albany to attend a hearing on some bill, and when invited to dinner at the home of a friend he replied: "Sorry, but I've promised to take dinner at — well — I guess I might call it the 'House of Lords.'"

From that time to this the little coterie of Senators has kept this name, and when several prominent Assemblymen, under the leadership of Mr. Nixon four years ago, took up the custom of living together they were dubbed the "House of Commons."

## TOO GOOD A MAN FOR THE CAPITAL.

**S**ENATOR ARMSTRONG, of Rochester, happened to meet Commissioner Wieting, head of the Department of Agriculture, one Thursday in the Senate, and said:

"I wish you would take care of my friend from Rochester. You won't find it a hard job, as the man does not drink, swear, steal or smoke. In truth, he is a typical citizen of Rochester."

Commissioner Wieting, to whom had been intrusted the Senator's friend, hesitated a moment, and then he said:

"It is indeed a pity that he should come to such a city as Albany; but I will try to take care of him, Senator."

**HELD THE ARM AS SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.**

J AMES G. GRAHAM, the secretary of Governor Odell, occasionally makes his appearance in the well of the Senate or Assembly chambers with one or more pasteboard packages tied with a blue ribbon. The sight of the ribbon immediately warns the members that a veto message has arrived, and a moment later the ribbon is tied in the button-hole of that unfortunate legislator whose bill has incurred executive disapproval.

As a rule the secretary is led to the bar of the house in the Assembly by the sergeant-at-arms, F. J. Johnston, but it so happened one morning that Mr. Johnston was in pursuit of some absentees, and the duty of escort fell upon Jacob Kemple, the chief doorkeeper, and a life member of the "Amen Corner" of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. Realizing his high duty, Mr. Kemple held on to the secretary's arm with a powerful grip.

Mr. Graham delivered his message with his usual smile, but when he turned to leave he was again held by the strong arm of the doorkeeper. The secretary endeavored diplomatically to break loose by trying to thrust his hand into a side-pocket. This, however, proved futile, for the member of the "Amen Corner" immediately brought his full weight of 214 pounds to

bear. Indeed, Mr. Graham was just on the point of receiving a permanent kink in the spine, when the two men reached the door and the doorkeeper let go.

As Mr. Kemple returned to his position at the head of the center aisle, one of the Tammany members said with a smile:

"It's a wonder you didn't break the secretary's arm. Why did you hold on like that?"

Mr. Kemple looked at the anchor which is tattooed on his right hand, and then said, with much gravity, and with a rising inflection: "Certainly, I held on to his arm. I was acting sergeant-at-arms, wasn't I?" This so staggered the crowd which had collected that no one ventured to extend the controversy.

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#### THE TALE OF DOG LEGISLATION.

THERE has been considerable rivalry between certain members of the Assembly this year over dog legislation. Assemblyman Kelsey, of Livingston, Reeve, of Suffolk, and Platt, of Steuben, have all introduced dog bills. Mr. Kelsey, in support of his measure, believes that dogs should wear tags as at present, but that the county supervisors should be allowed to change the license fee for dogs if they so



choose. Mr. Reeve, on the other hand, believes that dog tags should be abolished, and that, instead, owners of dogs should procure certificates. In the language of the bill, the certificate "shall certify the name, age, sex and give an accurate description of the dog." The owner shall then file the certificate with the town clerk.

Assemblyman Platt, whose home is in Painted Post, has a bill which holds the owners of dogs liable for the killing of Angora goats. There is considerable dog legislation every year, but the dog bills this year, because of their greater number over last year, are believed by the dog experts of the Legislature to show that the number of dogs in the State is on the increase. Two years ago only one dog bill was introduced. The sponsor of the bill was James G. Graham, the present secretary of Governor Odell, who was at that time an Assemblyman from Orange county. This bill was to prohibit the barking of dogs by night.

## WHY HE WOULD USE OLD LITHOGRAPHS.

**A**T a hearing which was held before the Assembly Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment, over which John Hill Morgan, of Kings, presides, Senator Arthur J. Audett, who is connected with a lithographic supply company, appeared against the Poster Tax bill of Assemblyman Landon, of Dutchess county. The Senator from the Fourth Senate district said that if the bill became a law, and posters were taxed at the rate of one cent for every two square feet, it would work a hardship to the lithographing trade. As the Senator turned to leave the room, however, Mr. Landon, who is a member of the committee, called him back by saying:

"But would you not be in favor of the bill if it exempted the lithographic portraits of political candidates?"

"I am afraid not," was the answer. "At any rate, such an exemption would not help me. If I should run again for re-election I would use the same lithograph that I had in 1894, when I ran for the Assembly."

"How's that, Senator?" asked another member of the committee, as he surveyed the smiling face of the Brooklyn legislator.

"Well, you see," replied the Kings county member, after a moment of hesitation, as he passed his hand over his scalp, "you see, I didn't have such a wide part then."

**GOVERNOR ODELL'S "GERMAN" SPEECH.**

**G**OVERNOR ODELL'S command of the German language was forcibly brought out the night before Prince Henry's arrival in Albany, when one of his friends asked him in a joking way:

"I hear that you are going to make a speech in German when the Prince comes. Is that right?"

"You ask that," replied the Governor, "as if I could not speak German. Now, I want you to understand that you are mistaken. I once made a speech in German shortly after my election, in Newburg, and every one who heard it said it was a good speech."

"Then why don't you repeat it for the Prince?" asked the friend, who was somewhat taken aback by the Governor's statement.

"Well, I do not know how he would like it. I'll tell you how it happened. I was serenaded by the German Männerchor of my city, and, as I had expected that it was coming, I studied up, with the use of several German grammars and lexicons. After the music of the serenade was over I made my speech, and as I spoke the last sentence the crowd almost broke my eardrums with their applause. They shouted: 'Good speech!' 'Bully boy!' 'You're all right!' and so on.

"Well, I went to bed that night with the satisfaction of believing that I had made a great speech. And I

felt particularly proud because it was my first attempt in German.

"I suppose I would have gone on thinking so to this day if I hadn't chanced the next morning to sit at a table at the hotel near a couple of Germans, one of whom was at the serenade the night before. They didn't see me, and they were talking about the serenade. I couldn't help hearing what they said, and it went something like this:

" 'That was a great speech of the Governor's last night,' said one.

" 'Did you go?' said the other.

" 'I was there all right, and I can tell you you missed something great. That speech was worth going a hundred miles to hear.'

" 'I was just going to congratulate myself again,' said the Governor, "when the other man said:

" 'That's strange; I didn't know it was to be a German speech.'

" 'It wasn't a German speech,' said the other, 'it was a Weber and Field's speech.'

" 'Then,' said the Governor, in a somewhat lower voice, "I was glad they didn't see me."



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